

Good Morning

49

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

GOGGLES GOES SICK

The "Good Morning" Pup's life is not all picnics. There was that little matter of the dew claw, plus a spot of the usual internal clear-out to be done—and that is why our cameraman was there when Tony and Goggles stood before the door that leads to the Vet.'s Waiting Room. The rest of the story will follow in pictorial chapters.

EDUCATION MADE EASY

Conducted by ODO DREW

Who is Dr. Joad and what is the Brains Trust?—If you will let me have further particulars I will cause enquiries to be made.

Dhobey.—The origin of this is rather involved. In the marriage service the woman promises to "love and dhobey." That, of course, includes looking after the house, mending and washing. The modern dislike for domestic work has led many women to refuse to promise to do the latter.

What was H.M.S. Pinafore?—A converted merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Kettle. It was sunk whilst carrying sea-horses through the Regent's Canal.

"Coiled the wrong way."—If the enquirer will send me a stamped addressed envelope I will endeavour to tell him the original version of this excellent story.

Flannel.—Although this is subject to coupons, there seems to exist a definite black market in it. There can be no other explanation of the fact that certain places are full of it.

Stone frigate.—It will be remembered that, during the last

war, ships were built of concrete. They were not very successful; but an improved type has done good work during the present war. Their design is quite unusual, but details have not been issued, as they are still on the secret list. Many submariners will, however, have been on board them.

Tea-boat.—Not to be confused with the liberty-boat. The tea-boat takes troops ashore at tea-time, to give them a change and a chance of stretching their legs.

Compensating tanks.—These are neither the heavy nor the light ones. They are actually all-purpose tanks, and are used to balance, or "compensate," deficiencies of particular types in an armoured force.

Who wrote "Deep in the heart of Texas"?—Purcell, of course. This was to celebrate the extension of the Air Training Scheme to the United States. One of the first air-fields was

built right "in the heart" of Texas.

Shakespeare's plays.—There seems to be little real evidence that Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays.

Interlude

(I have been asked by numerous students for particulars of my career. These requests have been so numerous that, in spite of a natural modesty, I am forced to acquiesce. The following details are out of "Who's Who," right out of it.)

Born 1844, on Ikla Moor. Traces ancestry back to Mick the Miller. Educated at Sandown and Kempton Park Colleges. Scored winning try in famous match for Milngavie University against Gorbals Academy. Joined Navy, 1864 (Dec.); resigned from Navy, 1865 (Jan.). Converted to polygamy whilst in the South Sea Islands, 1870-80. Professor of Naval Architecture at Gosport University, 1881-5. Occupied Chair of Music at Streatham Hydro, 1885-9. Explorations at Dartmoor, 1890-6 and in the Parkhurst district, 1900-4. Air raid warden, 1905-1939. Joined staff of "Good Morning," 1943.

as improver, with a view to making a career of journalism.

Awarded hon. degree of Doctor of Patent Medicine at Beauchamp. Held record for knocking back pints from 1855 until Britain went off the Gold Standard. Author of "What Nelson should have done at Waterloo," "The Submariners' Bedside Book," "How to Become an Admiral by Studying for One Hour a Day," etc., etc. Wrote the standard work on "Pin-tables."

Clubs: Indian and Bridge. Hobbies: Dancing, blondes and brunettes. Addresses: London, "Cock Tavern," Fleet Street; provinces, "The Stork, Liverpool and Birmingham," "The Royal," Plymouth; "St. Enoch's," Glasgow; if not there, c/o Yates' Wine Lodge, Mooneys, Bodega, anywhere.

"The progress of knowledge is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration."

Lord Brougham.

A Christian is the highest style of man.

Edward Young (1684-1765).

Virtuous and vicious every man must be—Few in extreme, but all in the degree.

Alexander Pope.

I get around

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

A SOMEWHAT puzzling situation arises from the entry of technically "enemy" horses in the classics this year.

Under the name of M. M. Boussac, three horses, Anubis II, Aetius and Cynthia II, have been entered for the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the Derby, and the St. Leger.

M. M. Boussac is now in France, and must be considered (in accordance with Trading with the Enemy Act) an enemy.

What, then, if—and it is likely—any of them win? Enquiring at the Trading with the Enemy Department of the Board of Trade, I learned that, great as was my interest in the future of these horses, that of the Custodian of Enemy Property was even more acute.

The Government has granted a licence to Steve Donoghue to continue with the training and management of these horses as long as they show a profit. If they don't show a profit they must be sold. Any such profits, of course, are credited to the Custodian for Post-war Settlement.

Whether or not the profits will eventually get to Boussac or not, nobody seems to know.

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SOME time ago I wrote about the loneliest and most frightened moment endured in a lifetime. Mine, to that date, was my first solo flight. That, though, was commonplace in comparison with a recent experience at the London Zoo. Here, again, it may mean nothing to you, but to me a 14ft. Indian python is the most horrific thing in the world. Especially when it was draped around my shoulders and neck.

The keeper of the reptile house invited me inside, and I followed him with no little uneasiness. He took me behind the showcases and he opened several cages. From one cage he enticed this python, which, slithering and spitting, selected my shoulder for a resting place.

There was nothing to be afraid of, the keeper assured me. The snake had eaten the previous day, so he was quite happy. His meal, I learned, was two whole rabbits, which would satisfy him for a week or two. Nevertheless I was glad to get out again.

COINCIDING with the resignation of Wilfrid Pickles, recently, from the B.B.C., comes the resignation of David Miller, who has presented the Dancing Club feature for some time.

Miller says he is leaving to further plans of production, and Pickles, who was Northern



Wilfrid Pickles

feature editor, is joining George Black for his new show, "We're All In It Together Now," which is due to open at Blackpool shortly.

George Black is reported to have said that Pickles is one of the greatest comedians of the present day.

I agree that his voice might be more pleasing in variety than in the nine o'clock news.

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CONSULTING my dictionary for a vulgar word, which wasn't there, my eyes stopped on flapper.

This is what it said: "Flapper is a young girl not yet out." My curiosity aroused, I turned to my encyclopaedia; here the interpretation is, one who flaps, or a girl in her teens. My conclusion was that girls in their teens were not yet out. Whatever "out" might mean. Is that so?

"Over my dead body"

Not much dead body about this picture, but that is the title of the new 20th Century Fox film in which charming and talented young Mary Beth Hughes plays a leading role.



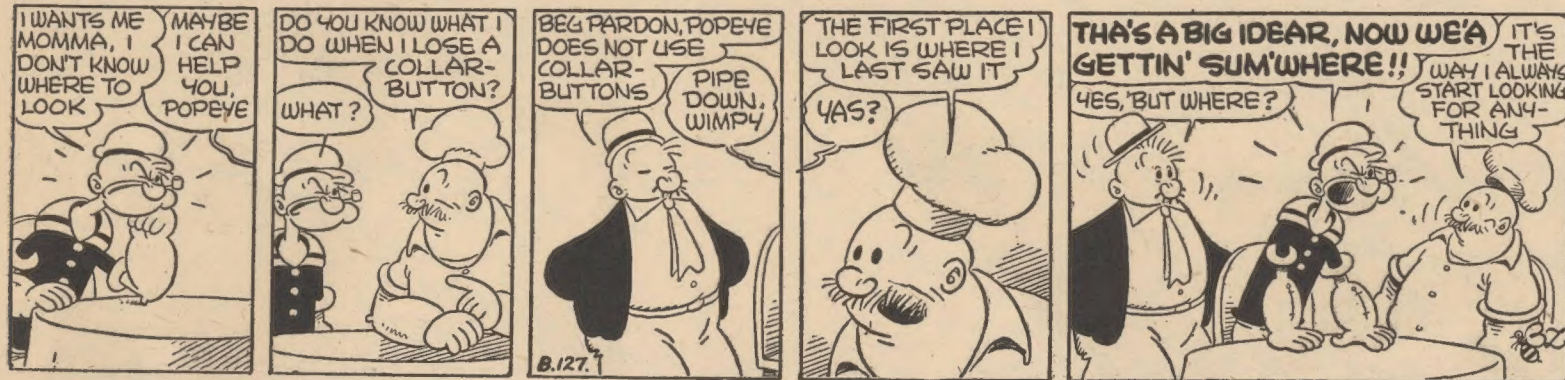
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

The Nautilus was then on the surface of the sea. One of the sailors, placed on the lowest steps, was unscrewing the bolts of the panel. But he had hardly finished before the panel was raised with extreme violence, evidently drawn up by a blowhole in the arm of a poulp.

Immediately one of these long arms glided like a serpent through the opening, and twenty others were brandished above it. With a blow of the hatchet Captain Nemo cut off this formidable tentacle, which glided, twisting down the steps.

At the moment we were crowding together to get up to the platform, two other arms stretched down to a sailor placed in front of Captain Nemo, and drew him up with irresistible violence.

Captain Nemo uttered a cry and rushed out. We followed.

What a scene! The unhappy man, seized by the tentacle and fastened to its blowholes, was balanced in the air according to

the caprice of this enormous trunk. He was choking, and cried out, "A moi! a moi!" These French words caused me a profound stupor. Then I had a countryman on board, perhaps several! I shall hear that heartrending cry all my life!

The unfortunate man was lost. Who would rescue him from that powerful grasp? Captain Nemo threw himself on the poulp, and with his hatchet cut off another arm. His first officer was fighting with rage against other monsters that were climbing the sides of the Nautilus. The crew were fighting with hatchets.

For an instant I believed that the unfortunate man, encircled by the poulp, would be drawn away from its powerful suction. Seven of its eight arms had been cut off, one only brandishing its victim like a feather twisted about in the air. But at the very moment that Captain Nemo and his officer were rushing upon it, the animal hurled out a column of black liquid, secreted in a bag in its stomach.

We were blinded by it. When this cloud was dissipated the calamary had disappeared, and with it my unfortunate countryman!

With what rage we then set upon these monsters! Ten or twelve poulps had invaded the platform and sides of the Nautilus. We rolled pell-mell amongst the serpents' trunks that wriggled about the platform in pools of blood and black ink. It seemed as if the viscous tentacles kept springing

out again like hydra heads. Ned Land's harpoon at each stroke plunged into the green eyes of the calamary and put them out. But my brave companion was suddenly thrown over by one of the tentacles of a monster which he had not been able to avoid.

Ah, how my heart beat with emotion and horror! The calamary's formidable beak opened over Ned Land. The unfortunate man was about to be cut in two.

I rushed to his aid. But Captain Nemo was before me. His hatchet disappeared in the two enormous mandibles, and, miraculously preserved, the Canadian rose and plunged the whole of his harpoon into the poulp's triple heart.

"We are quits," said Captain Nemo to the Canadian.

This combat had lasted a quarter of an hour. The monsters, vanquished, mutilated, and death-stricken, left the place clear at last, and disappeared under the waves.

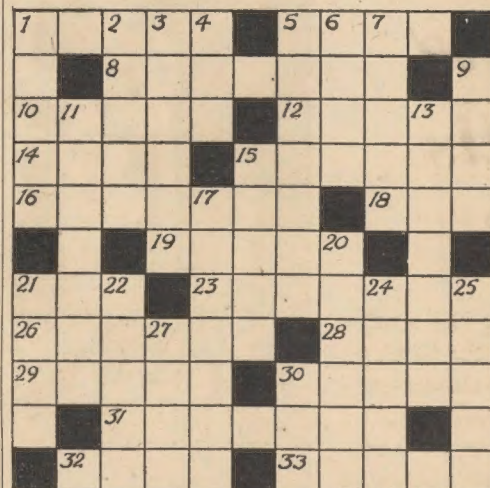
Captain Nemo, covered with blood, stood motionless near the lantern, and looked at the sea that had swallowed one of his companions, whilst tears rolled from his eyes.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Puzzled Milkman in No. 48

Puzzled Milkman: Two portions contained two full bottles, three half-full and two empty bottles. The third portion contained three full, one half-full and three empty bottles.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Audible cut.
- 5 Infusion.
- 8 Vernacular.
- 10 Representative.
- 12 Vassal.
- 14 Paving slab.
- 15 Fishing boots.
- 16 Bedroom chest.
- 18 Opportunely.
- 19 Rustic.
- 21 Chaos.
- 23 Result.
- 26 Heavy.
- 28 Fish pond.
- 29 Impelled.
- 30 Appellation.
- 31 Strong and shaggy.
- 32 Call.
- 33 Heron.

Solution to Problem in No. 48.

TASTER ROUT
ILK POWERS
CLINIC LEEK
KUDOS DICE
D BORE COLE
WEE DAM NIP
ESCHEWED B
A HAS ROBED
LOON MATURE
LEDGER TAN
EDDY NAMELY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Arrow.
- 2 Perfect.
- 3 Without aid.
- 4 Head cover.
- 5 Put off.
- 6 Sharp.
- 7 Soak.
- 9 Relish.
- 11 Window worker.
- 13 Small anchor.
- 15 Stopped sleeping.
- 17 Ennui.
- 20 Missing.
- 21 Fruit.
- 22 Big bird.
- 24 Complete.
- 25 Spoke at length.
- 27 Horned ruminants.
- 30 Draw.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Beauty in the Balance

Ye Gods! Sydney Harbour IS just as the guide book says.



KIP!



This fellah sure does his day-dreamin' thorough.



"Lets get the Smalls out"

And "getting the smalls out" is correct. Getting them out into the health-giving sunshine—giving them a start in life—laying the foundation of healthy manhood and womanhood — fitting them for ideal citizenship of this dear England.



Fairly takes your breathaway, doesn't it? We know some chaps will do anything to satisfy a thirst, but seldom do they get a woman to help 'em. Why, she's even shouldering the whole responsibility.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"Cissy! Never had anyone to lift me up to MY saucer!"